Ile winne our ancient right in *France* againe,
Or dye a souldier as I liu'd a King.
Glo. Short summers likely haue a forward spring.
Enter young Yorke, Hastings, Cardinall.
Buc. Now in good time, heere comes the Duke of *Yorke*.
Prin. *Richard* of *Yorke* how fares our noble brother?
Yor. Well my deare Lord: so must I call you now.
Prin. I brother to our griefe, as it is yours:
Too late he died that might haue kept this Title,
Which by his death hath lost much maiesty.
Glo. How faires our cousen noble Lord of *Yorke*.
Yor. I thanke you gentle Vncle; O my Lord,
You said that idle weeds are fast in growth;
The Prince my brother hath ouer growne me farre.
Glo. Hee hath my Lord.
Yor. And therefore is he idle?
Glo. Oh my faire cousen I must not say so.
Yor. Then he is more beholding to you then I.
Glo. He may command me as my soueraigne,
But you haue power in me as in a kinsman.
Yor. I pray you vncle giue me this Dagger.
Glo. My Dagger little cousen, withall my heart.
Prin. A begger brother?
Yor. Of my kind Vncle that I know will giue
And being but a toy which is no gift, to giue,
Glo. A greater gift then that Ile giue my cousen.
Yor. A greater gift, O thats the Sword to it.
Glo. I gentle cousen were it light enough.
Yor. O then I see you will part but with light gifts,
In weightier things youle say a begger nay.
Glo. It is to weighty for your grace to weare.
Yor. I weigh it lightly were it heauier.
Glo. What would you haue my weapon little Lord.
Yor. I would that I might thinke you as you call me.
Glo. How? *Yorke*, Little.
Prin. My L. of *Yorke* will still be crosse in talke:
Vncle your grace knowes how to beare with him.
Yor. You meane to beare me, not to beare with me;
Vncle, my brother mockes both you and me,

Because

Because that I am little like an Ape.
He thinkes that you should beare me one your shoul
Buc. With what a sharpe prouided wit he reasons,
To mitigate the scorne he giues his vncle,
He pretely and aptly taunts himselfe:
So cunning and so young is wonderfull.
Glo. My Lo. wilt please you passe along?
My selfe and my good cousin *Buckingham*,
Will to your mother, to intreat of her
To meet you at the Tower, and welcome you.
Yor. What will you go vnto the Tower my Lord?
Prin. My Lord protector will haue it so.
Yor. I shall not sleepe in quiet at the Tower.
Glo. Why what should you feare?
Yor. Marry my vncle *Clarence* angry ghost:
My granam told me, he was murdred there,
Prin. I feare no vncles dead.
Glo. Nor none that liue, I hope.
Prin. And if they liue, I hope I need not feare.
But come my Lord, with a heauy heart
Thinking on them, goe I vnto the Tower.
Exeunt Prin. Yor. Hast. Dor. Manet Bish. Buc.
Buc. Thinke you my L. this little prating *Yorke*,
Was not incenced by his subtile mother,
To taunt and scorne you thus opprobriously?
Glo. No doubt, no doubt, O tis a perlous boy,
Bold, quicke, ingenious, forward, capable,
He is all the mothers from the top to the toe.
Buc. Well let them rest: come hither *Catesby*,
Thou art sworn as deeply to effect what we intend
As closely to conceale what we impart.
Thou knowest our reasons vrgd vpon the way:
What thinkest thou, is it not an easie matter
To make *William L. Hastings* of our mind,
For the instalment of this noble Duke,
In the seate royall of this famous Ile?
Cat. He for his fathers sake so loues the Prince,
That he will not be wonne to ought against him.
Buc. What thinkest thou then of *Stanley*, what w